# THE MAN WHO NEVER LIVED

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

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CARTLEY has been writing about that property again," Frank Sanborn announced as his partner, Richard Morrill, entered the office.

"Well, you know what to tell him," returned Morrill carelessly.

"I've already told him that," said Sanborn, "but he's becoming impatient, and he wants details."

Morrill hung up his hat and coat, opened his desk, and settled himself comfortably in his chair before replying. Morrill was the ingenious and resourceful member of the real estate firm of Morrill & Sanborn, while Sanborn was the industrious one. Morrill made the plans and Sanborn did the work—that is, the laborious work. Morrill was quite ready to show a piece of property to a prospective purchaser, especially if it involved a drive or any other divertisement, but Sanborn attended to the correspondence and kept the books. As yet, the bookkeeping did not take up much of his time. The firm had no bank account, and when a commission was secured it was promptly divided between the partners. They were not rolling in wealth.

"How does the matter stand?" asked Morrill, when finally seated.

"Well, you know he's been threatening to take the property out of our hands for the last six months," returned Sanborn. "He can't see why it takes us so long to sell it."

"Impatient devil!" remarked Morrill lightly. It was difficult for him to take anything—even his poverty—seriously.

"Oh, his position is easily understood," said Sanborn. "There's no chance to blame him, for he's having his own troubles. If the property belonged to an individual, it would be a different thing, but it happens to represent the major part of an estate, and the heirs want it sold so that the estate can be divided. And we've got to sell it mighty sudden, or we'll lose the only decent commission we ever had a chance to get. I gave him that fairy tale of yours about a Massachusetts syndicate looking for a Western site for a manufacturing plant, and it held him for a month or six weeks. I reported progress, and that satisfied him for another month. I told him the deal was practically closed, and he hung on for six weeks more. But now he is decidedly warm and insists upon details."

"Give them to him," advised Morrill easily.

"He wants to know the name of the man representing the syndicate and the nature of the business."

"Give them to him."

"But I don't know them."

Morrill looked at his partner pityingly.

"What would you do without me?" he asked. "You have no originality at all. If left to you, we would have lost this property months ago. Now, you take your pen in hand and tell this inquisitive and annoying fellow that the man representing the syndicate is Horace Milbank, of Birmingham, England; that he has a new carbrake, on which he has just secured an American patent; that, instead of selling his American rights, he chose to interest some American capitalists, who happen to be Massachusetts men; that they have slathers of money; that the delay has been occasioned by the necessity of communicating with them in relation to numerous details, involving considerable correspondence; that they prefer not to be known until the incorporation papers have been secured; that the site has been verbally accepted, and the deal unquestionably will be closed within thirty days."

There was a world of admiration in the gaze that Sanborn fixed on his partner.

"And just to make it convincing," the latter added, as an afterthought, "you might tell him, if he wants to communicate with Milbank direct, to address him at 3168 Dupage avenue. We have a vacant furnished flat there, and I'll just run out there and put Milbank's card on the mailbox. Perhaps I may sleep there a few nights myself. In fact, I've already been up there once or twice, when the circumstances were such that I didn't care to face the proprietress of my boarding-house. One might as well make a little use of the property in his charge, you know."

"Dick," Sanborn with conviction, "you're surely a wonder when it comes to inventing lies. He'll never go to the trouble of making inquiries so far away as Birmingham, and I doubt if he will even write to the address given. But it's our last chance. We'll have to sell that property within thirty days."

"No trouble at all," returned Morrill. "I have some real people interested in it now. Why, if we hadn't originated this lie when there was nothing in sight, I'd just as soon tell him the truth. But we can't afford to break off negotiations with that imaginary syndicate until we can produce a genuine purchaser. All we need is a little more time, and Horace Milbank, of Birmingham, England, is good for that if he is managed properly. Thirty days will be more than enough."

Thirty days was all the time that Morill had needed at any given moment during the previous six months; but somehow it had kept on being thirty days. It was a big tract of land to sell in a lump, and it was not located where it could be cut up into building-lots to advantage. There was litle chance of disposing of it, except to some capitalist who would take it as an investment, or to some one seeking a site for an industrial plant. But the sale meant a large commission, and Morrill was nothing if not optimistic. He was always sure he could find a purchaser if he had just a little more time.

Now he put more energy into the business in hand than ever before. He visited the industrial departments of the railroads, where every effort is made to keep track of all prospective industrial enterprises. Here he got information as to several schemes, and straightway put himself in communication with various company officials and promoters. He went to see some; to others he wrote—and he wrote personally, instead of leaving the correspondence to Sanborn, which was unusual. He previously had two men looking into the matter, but he was unwilling to rely solely upon them. Incidentally, he went to the Dupage avenut flat and put a "Horace Milbank" card on the mailbox, which naturally aroused the curiosity of all the neighbors. They occasionally heard someone in the flat at night, but they never saw Mr. Milbank. It occurred to them that he was a very peculiar person.

Then came a startling surprise. Mr. Benjamin Cartley, of Philadelphia, representing the heirs, wrote that he was just starting on a Western trip, and that he would stop over long enough to personally settle the final minor details. If necessary, he might be able to make some concessions that would clear away any remaining obstacles. Mr. Milbank doubtless would appreciate the advantage of having a man with power-of-attorney on the ground to expedite matters, and if informed of the circumstances, would have all necessary arrangements made with his principals in the East. Of course, they could be reached by wire, and as he (Cartley) had business that would necessitate a stop of a few days in Pittsburg, there would be ample time to get things in shape. He could be addressed at the Hotel Duquesne if there were any unexpected developments.

'That setles us!" exclaimed Sanborn despairingly. "He'll discover the whole trick. We can't produce Milbank."

"How foolish you are!" returned Morrill. "It would be no trouble at all to produce Milbank if it would do any good. I'd make a first-class Milbank, but the risk would be too great. This disgustingly impatient fellow would insist upon details that would wreck us. He would want to open telegraphic communication with my principals, and would insist upon rushing matters generally. We'd have to explain just where the hitch was, and very likely he'd concede the point, or else he'd make a counter proposition and demand a telegraphic reply. Oh, it never would do to produce Milbank. He'd have Milbank in a corner in no time at all."

"Then there's nothing to do but acknowledge the deceit."

"You are so obtuse," complained Morrill, "and so faint-hearted. We must head him off."

"But how?"

"Well, I never have committed murder in my life, but I think I'll have to kill Milbank. If Milbank dies suddenly, no blame attaches to us for the failure of the deal, and he may give us another chance. At any rate, there will be no reason why he should come to Chicago. Now, you stay right here, and I'll go out and murder Milbank."

Sanborn was too surprised to either protest or ask for further explanation, and fifteen minutes later Morrill was handing a death notice over the desk of a newspaper office. Then he went up to the City Editor and gave him an item of news. This was to the effect that Horace Milbank, an inventor and promotor of Birmingham, England, had died suddenly of heart disease at 3168 Dupage avenue. Mr. Milbank, representing certain Massachusetts capitalists interested in one of his inventions, was negotiating for a site for a large manufacturing plant at the time of his death, and a peculiar feature of the case was that he had refused to give the names of his backers, as they did not wish to appear in the affair until all the details were arranged. Consequently, they were still unknown. It was hoped, however, that this item would come to their notice, and that they would communicate with Messrs. Morrill Sanborn in order that the deal might not fall through.

"There," said Morrill, as he showed this notice to Sanborn the next morning, "I call that artistic. Every paper in the city has something to the same effect, and all we've got to do is to mail them to Cartley at Pittsburg. He certainly can't afford to take the property out of our hands until we've had time to hear from some other member of that syndicate, which will give me the time necessary to sell the measly old tract to someone else."

Sanborn could only grasp his partner's hand and gaze at him in silent admiration. He certainly was a wonderful man.

But, unfortunately, Cartley did not turn back when he received the notices and the accompanying letter of explanation. He was going from Pittsburg to Omaha, anyway, and Chicago was on the way. So one morning he walked into the office of Morrill & Sanborn and introduced himself, having had no previous personal acquaintance with the members of the firm. And he was not pleased with all that he saw and heard. The office was near the top of a skyscraper, and there were no indications that the firm was an important or prosperous one. There is no law that prevents a firm from putting "Suite 1106" on its letterheads, but in this instance the "suite" consisted of a small office, a washroom, and a clothes-closet. Then, too, it was evident that Mr. Cartley's appearance disconcerted the partners.

"That was very sad about Mr. Milbank," remarked Cartley. "Was he buried here?"

Even the fertile mind of Morrill had not arranged the burial details, and the partners were startled. Morrill quickly recovered himself, however.

"No," he answered. "A cousin, living at Neenah, Wisconsin, heard about his death, and asked us to ship the body up there for temporary interment until he could communicate with Birmingham."

"How about his papers?"

Morrill scented trouble.

"There were none," he said.

"No papers or letters!" exclaimed Cartley. "That's strange. I thought very likely we could get track of this syndicate in that way. In the time he's been here he must have had a good deal of correspondence with the various members of it."

"SURELY YOU DON'T THINK I KILLED HIM!"

"That's just what we thought," explained Morrill, who was gaining confidence, "but we couldn't find a scrap of anything in his flat—that is, anything containing any information."

'Must 'have had a safe-deposit box," suggested Cartley.

"Of course," returned Morrill promptly. "I've been making inquiries in that line, but I haven't found it yet."

"From whom did he rent his flat?"

"From us."

"Pay promptly?"

"Oh, yes. He had lots of money—in fact, he was lavish with it."

"What became of it?"

"Must be in the safe-deposit box or a bank," answered Morrill quickly. "At any rate, there was only about twenty dollars in the flat—not enough to pay the necessary expenses incurred in looking after the remains. Sanborn and I had to look out for that, but, of course, we'll get it out of the estate later."

"How about the deal?"

"It was settled. We were to draw up the papers the day he died, but, of course, the delay is only temporary. We'll get in comunication with others of the syndicate soon."

"Well," said Cartley, as he rose to go, "I'll be in the city for a day or so, and I'll drop in to see if you have heard anything before I leave."

Cartley shook his head solemnly when he reached the street. There was something suspicious about the affair, to say the least, and he decided that he would like to know a little more about the firm of Morrill & Sanborn. There are ways of finding out practically anything if one cares to pay for the information. Cartley was very busy for several hours. He called at many places, and part of the time he had a companion with him in his carriage.

Meanwhile, Morrill and Sanborn were congratulating themselves—at least, they began to congratulate themselves. For an hour or more, in merry mood, they rehearsed the scene, and Sanborn gave Morrill the compliment of telling him that he had more mendacious ingenuity than any other living man, whereupon Morrill was correspondingly proud and happy.

"I wish I could lie so easily and artistically," said Sanborn. "It's nothing short of genious. Why, I could hardly restrain myself from giving you an encore."

"It's a matter of temperament," explained Morrill. "I have the true artistic temperament. That story will hold him all right, I guess, but we mustn't waste any time. I have three people to see to-day in relation to that property, and, by thunder! I believe I'll have it sold before he calls again. Then we can afford to tell him all about it. When a thing like this succeeds, it's accepted as a brilliant business stratagem; when it fails, it's a case of false pretenses and conscienceless trickery."

Morrill was putting on his coat when a woman entered. He tried to smile, but it was hard work. Sanborn could only look at her blankly. She owned the flat-building at 3168 Dupage avenue.

"Why didn't you tell me you'd rented that vacant flat?" she demanded. "I never knew it until I saw in the paper that a man had died there."

Of course, Morrill had to do the talking again. Sanborn was equal to nothing except straight business.

"Why, the fact is, Mrs. Hanson," explained Morrill, "it was only a short-term lease—two or three months, you know—and we were intending to remit it all in a lump sum."

"Strange way of doing business," commented Mrs. Hanson sharply. "But never mind. Just give me the money now, and we'll let the matter drop. But don't do that way again."

"No, no, of course not; it was very thoughtless of us," said Morrill. "Sanborn, just draw Mrs. Hanson a check for that rent, less our usual commission."

Sanborn was so overcome by the thought of drawing a check that he almost toppled out of his chair. There were only three flats in the building, and for the two rented they had always collected and paid in currency, the reasons for this being the best possible.

"Dick!" exclaimed Sanborn, "what are you—"

"Why, of course," broke in Morrill. "I remember now. We used the last check in our book this morning when we closed that ten thousand dollar deal. Very sory, Mrs. Hanson, but we'll get it to you to-morrow. I was just going over to the bank to get a new check-book when you came in.

Mrs. Hanson looked dubious, but finally departed, incidentally announcing that if she did not receive the money the next day, she would be down to see them again.

"We're stuck for that rent," said Sanborn dismally when Mrs. Hanson had left.

"It looks that way," admitted Morrill.

"And we haven't the money."

"But we will have when we sell that property."

Morrill was still optimistic, but his smile had lost some of its convincing cheerfulness.

He was at the door when a stranger entered—a man this time.

"I'm from the Health Department," the stranger announced.

Sanborn was deathly pale, but Morrill only looked at the health officer inquiringly.

"I understand a man died at 3168 Dupago avenue a day or so ago," the health officer said, "and no report has been made at our office, as required by law."

"Is that so?" inquired Morrill anxiously. "Well, you ought to get after that doctor, sure."

"Who was the doctor?" asked the health officer.

"That's more than I know," answered Morrill, with a great show of frankness. "You see, he had gone when I got there. But you ought to be able to find him."

"Now, see here," exclaimed the health officer, "this thing looks mighty serious!"

"You bet it does!" said Morrill feelingly.

"We never knew a thing about this until a man named Cartley told us."

"Hang Cartley!"

"And it's suspicious—mighty suspicious. Before turning it over to the police——"

"The police!" broke in Sanborn, speaking for the first time.

"Certainly. It's a police case, as it stands now, but we thought possibly you could clear it up, so I came to you first. But if you can't procure a doctor or a doctor's certificate of death, why, it goes to the police. If you can, we'll settle with the doctor for not making a proper report."

"Oh, I can find the doctor," answered Morrill with easy confidence. "True, I don't know his name, but I'll have no difficulty in locating him through some of the people up there. Just let the matter rest until to-morrow."

"But no longer," said the health officer as he retired.

Sanborn was limp in his chair, and even Morrill was beginning to look haggard. Neither said anything for several minutes; both were too busy with their thoughts.

"This all comes of your disreputable lying!" Sanborn blurted out at last. "Why the devil can't you do business on honest business principles?"

"Easy, easy," cautioned Morrill. "It was artistic a little while ago."

"Well, I can't see that there's anything artistic in getting a fellow in the shadow of the jail." Morrill shuddered slightly at this.

"Not jail," he urged. "It's a mere matter of a fine for not making a proper report, and we'll explain that at the proper time."

"I tell you it's jail or worse," retorted Sanborn. "Do you know what that fellow thinks? He thinks we've killed a man who never lived, and I'll bet we're watched now."

"Well, we've got until to-morrow to sell that property, and then we can afford to show that the man we killed never had life."

"But can we prove it?" asked Sanborn.

Before Morrill could answer Mr. Cartley appeared in the doorway, accompanied by a stranger.

"Mr. Brown—a friend of mine," said Cartley, by way of introduction. "I came back sooner than I had expected," he went on, "because I have made some rather puzzling discoveries in relation to the death of Milbank."

"Yes, you went to the Health Department!" exclaimed Morrill angrily. There were some things that were too much for his ordinarily even temper.

"I certainly did," admitted Cartley with quiet dignity, "and I went to a number of other places. Perhaps we will be able to straighten this matter out, but it will take a little time. With your permission we'li be seated."

Cartley and Brown settled themselves in chairs, but Morrill remained standing, leaning on his desk. Sanborn was already seated.

"Before you begin," said Morrill, pulling himself together for one last effort to gain time, "permit me to say that I think I know something of the nature of your discoveries, and, if you will give me until to-morrow, I will have the whole matter cleared up and your property sold."

Morrill had reduced the time from thirty days to twenty-four hours, but it was a matter of necessity. Besides, he was hustling now, and the outlook really promising.

"Just at present," said Cartley significantly, "the sale of the property is the matter of least importance, and we hardly deem it safe to let the other affair rest. It is of far too grave a nature. In a word, sir, we are determined to learn the fate of that Englishman."

"Fate!" exclaimed Morrill, while his despondent partner slipped lower in his chair. "Surely you don't think I killed him!"

"You or you partner!"

"Oh Lord!" groaned Sanborn.

"And we have evidence," Cartley went on. "Let me state the case as the facts appear to me and my friend, the detective."

"A detective!" muttered Sanborn. "I can see the jail now."

Morrill leaned a little more heavily against his desk, beside which he was standing, but said nothing.

"This Englishman, Milbank, was wealthy," continued Cartley. "You have told us that yourself. He carried a great deal of money with him, and he has been seen by practically no one except two impoverished real estate men. You see, I have learned something ot your condition and your temptation if, for any reason, he showed a disposition not to take the property. Well, he died suddenly and mysteriously—how, you two alone know. Even in death no one saw him. You say the body was shipped to Neenah, Wisconsin. The law requires a permit from the Health Department for such removal, as well as for burial, and no such permit has been issued."

"We were ignorant," urged Morrill. "We didn't mean to violate the law."

"You didn't—at least not in that respect," returned Cartley, "for it was not shipped at all. We have the assurances of both express and railroad companies as to that, and also a dispatch from Neenah to the effect that nothing of the sort ever arrived there. This Englishman has disappeared utterly and entirely from the face of the earth, and so has his money."

"The safe-deposit vaults," faltered Morrill.

"They've all been visited. He had no box in any of them, which makes the case stronger, for it shows he kept his money with him. I find too that all of the death notices were handed in by you. There is no one else who knows one solitary thing about the case. The dealings of this man were entirely with you two; he was a stranger; he had plenty of money; he rented his flat from you; he placed himself in your care; he died unknown to anyone else; his death was announced by you; all arrangements were made by you; whatever he left was secured by you; and you have lied about every detail of the case in an effort to conceal something."

"Oh, how I hate a liar!" moaned Sanborn; and this seemed to Morrill so unjust that it gave him new life.

"I have lied," he said frankly, as the detective got out two pairs of handcuffs and prepared for business. "I invented Milbank to keep you waiting while I sold the property to someont else. Milbank is a man who never lived. It's hard to have to admit this before we put the deal through, but there's no help for it."

Cartley shrugged his shoulders incredulously.

"The neighbors tell us the flat has been occupied," he said. "They have heard someone there nights, and your denial now will hardly offset the leters I have received in relation to this Englishman. Mr. Brown," to the detective, "I think you'd better take them in charge."

"But, great Heaven!" cried the now thoroughly frightened Morrill, "you can't arrest a fellow for killing a man who never lived."

'Take them along, Mr. Brown."

"I'm the man!" Morrill tried to explain.

"I know you are."

"I mean I'm the man who occupied the flat."

"Do you mean that you're the man who never lived?"

"Never lived? No! I've lived a whole lifetime in the last hour, Lord! think of being hanged for killing a figment of the imagination! Think of going to trial for the murder of a phantom! Think of a penitentiary sentence for the assassination of a bit of fiction!"

'Think of being ruined by a second-class liar!" added Sanborn reproachfully, but Morrill was too troubled to resent it.

'There'e no such man," Morrill went on, "and no such patent. Telegraph Washington about the patent if you don't believe me!"

"Good idea," admitted Cartley.

"And cable Birmingham about Milbank."

"I'll do it."

Cartley was gone several hours, leaving the partners in charge of the detective. When he returned there was a fourth man in the office.

"Well?" exclaimed the partners anxiously.

"It's all right," said Cartley. "There was no such man; but you will naturally understand that I'll have to take the property out of your hands as a result of this."

"Can't," returned Morrill. "Mr. Conley, with whom I have been dickering for a week or so, came in while you were gone, and we've closed the deal with him at your figures."

Sanborn slowly disengaged himself from his chair, drew a long breath, and shook his finger at Morrill.

"Dick," he said, "you're the most artistic liar that ever lived, but the mental and physical strain of doing business that way is too great for me. You'll have to cut it out."

"You bet I will," answered Morrill, earnestly. "But, as it turned out, it wasn't a lie."

"What was it?" demanded Cartley.

"Business strategy," replied Morrill. "It will make us so famous we won't have to do it any more."

## Her Program

Scene: A suburban drawing-room.

Dramatis Personae: Maud and Herbert.

She: "And now, about the wedding. It will be a stylish affair, of course?"

He: "Oh, certainly!"

She: "And with regard to the honeymoon, dear, I've been thinking it all over, and I think, after all, a few months for a trip to the Continent will be the proper thing."

He (his salary is limited): "Do you really desire that?"

She: "Oh, yes. Then, when we return, won't it be nice to pick out a cozy home? You will buy a ten-roomed villa?"

He: "Of course! That's easy. Will one be enough?"

She: "Of course, you goose! We'll need one with a stable though. And what do you think, dear—shall it be motors or horses?"

He: "Both. How many servants?"

She: "Well, if we are economical, we can get along with three. And now, dear, there is only one thing more that you can help me with. When shall we have the wedding?"

He: "Oh, I am not particular. Say about fourteen years from to-day; by then you will have more sense, and I may have more cash!"

## Meaning Mildness

He was a country vicar, and he had for some time been displeased with the quality of the milk served him by the local tradesman. Although a mild-mannered man, who hated to complain, at last he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such stuff.

"I've been waiting to see you with reference to the milk, Jenkins," he began mildly.

"Yes, sir," answered the tradesman uneasily.

"I only wanted to say," continued the good man, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening!

# Women Among Noted Gamblers

FROM time to time throughout the world gambling among women has flourished and declined. Just at this time it flourishes. But if the mania is growing strong in the women of to-day it is simply the revival of an old passion, for in every age women have been addicted to that form of vice which caused the loss of money, happiness, substance, health and, in many instances, life. The pages of history tell, over and over again, the story of great women gamblers. France has furnished the greater number of these, but England has not been far behind, while America has put forth many whose fame has become international.

There seems to be something, in the blood of French women that makes them gamblers of a high order. Mme. de Montespan won so much at basset, her favorite game, that Louis XIV. was delighted, and borrowed some of the winnings. But she lost a great deal at times, and her play grew so furious that in 1682 Louis abolished the game. It is recorded of Madame that she one night, while the King looked on at the play, risked a sum equal to $200,000 on a single card, and that the King grumbled when no one could be found to cover the bet. But Madame also lost, one New Year night, $250,000 at hoca, and on another night almost $200,000 at the same game.

Mme. du Barry was the most famous woman gambler of the time of Louis XV., but with her it was only a pastime. But that other favorite, Mme. de Pompadour, went in with the sole object of winning, if she could. It is recorded that her winnings were enormous and that in a single night she eased the pockets of the King of $100,000.

GAMBLING IN FRANCE.

Queen Marie Antoinette, according to history, was a gambler who liked to be surrounded by gamblers. Faro was the popular game, but the stakes got to be so great that many a nobleman had his entire estates wiped out in a single night. Scandal rose high and the game was forbidden. Nevertheless, in a short time it was being carried on again not only in the apartments of the Queen, but at the house of the Princess de Lamballe. At first the Queen and those who desired to play with her went to the apartments of Mme. de Guemene, whose house is credited with having been the scene of the highest continued play of any in France. But matters got so bad before the end came that noblemen would no longer play with the Queen, and she admitted to her table many common gamblers. Then the scandal broke in full force, for some were caught cheating, and one was even arrested for picking a pocket.

Possibly the most famous woman gambler of English history was Nell Gwynne, the actress, who was so great a favorite with Charles II. In that reign the manners were much the same as they were at the French court. Nell Gwynne lost $25,000 to her rival, the Duchess of Cleveland, and in one year lost upward of $300,000, which the King paid. There had never been known so much gambling among women as was carried on in that reign. After the Duchess of Mazarain, niece of the Cardinal, had lost $1,000,000, she died in absolute want.

The acknowledged queen of American women gamblers was Lonna Paquita, who was born in Texas fifty years ago, but early went into Mexico to rule outlaws and cowboys. The little Lonna was scarcely 12 years old when she fell in with an oldtime gambler named Qualetor, who taught how every trick known to the gambler's art. She made her first appearance in Paso del Notre. She was only a child, and the rough gamblers laughed at her.

NO MATCH FOR HER.

But they soon found that they were no match for her, and that even her teacher, Qualetor, was a tenderfoot, compared with the child. With the pasing years Lonna Paquita grew to be a beautiful woman. Her hair was as black as night, she had eyes that confounded those of the gamblers who played with her, and a voice as sweet and silvery as a bell. She was as handsome a woman as one could wish to see, but with heart of ice and nerves of iron. Her small white hands could manipulate the cards with a skill that defied the watchfulness of the keenest gambler.

There were many people who thought it was merely luck that followed her, but the luck kept up too long, and the gamblers who knew a few tricks themselves understood that it was "art." Still, no one was ever known to catch her cheating. Before she was 20 Lonna Paquita was in New Mexico leading a gang of the worst characters of the Southwest.

Her death occurred in 1875, and was tragic. Some lawless acts had been committed by a body of "greasers," and search was made for them. Lonna Paquita was found to be their leader, and was caught. She only laughed when she was taken, and proposed that a game of cards be played to see whether she should go free or kill herself. This was agreed to, and one of the party, a gambler known the country around, was selected. The woman lost. Those who looked on had scarcely time to understand this, when Lonna Paquita drew a knife from her belt and plunged it into her heart.

The women of to-day, although they doubtless gamble as heavily as in other times, incline more to speculation in stocks. The new woman will go on gambling, but appearances show that she cares a great deal more for the money there is in it than she does for the notoriety of being a gambler.

# SUCH STUFF AS DREAMS

THERE is a great tendency just now to explain everything by harking back to one's progenitors or to a previous state of existence. Most people dream and are interested in dreams, for instance, and we have heard a great deal of late about dreaming; how middle-class folk dream middle-class dreams, how young people dream more—or is it less?—than their elders, and so on.

Now a theory is being advanced that when we dream something which seems wholly impossible, such as that we are falling through space, fighting a wild beast, committing a murder, or awaiting execution, we are really not the victims, as we fancy, of indigestion, but are sufferers from "hereditary memory," which certainly sounds much more interesting.

We are given to understand that remote ancestors may have done any of these things, and that the remembrance of them has been passed on from generation to generation until it shapes itself into what the prosaic call a nightmare, and we, the children, suffer for the sins of our remote forefathers.

There is certainly food here for much reflection, and the imaginative may turn dreams to good account if they can manage to believe that their extraordinary dreams are actual reflections of deeds and incidents in the lives of progenitors who may have lived in Henry VIII.'s times, or sided with Cavaliers or Roundheads. Who knows but they may even be adventures of our own in some previous state of existence?

## Don't Want "Engine Eyes"

"Some people are apt to enlarge upon the difficulties of driving a railway locomotive in the dark, or during heavy rain," said an engine-driver recently, "but, for my part, nothing ever gave me more anxiety and trouble than continuous glaring sunshine. Color-blindness is said to be frequently nothing more than intense pain in the eyes caused by watching objects which reflect the light, and upon which the sun is shining. In a run of several hours the glare from the rails which strikes the eyes while watching for track obstructions, and more particularly for rails which have been forced out of line by the heat, is very trying, and often when I have left the locomotive after such a run I have found the greatest comfort in resting in a room where complete darkness prevailed. A man is afraid to wear smoked glasses, lest he should be suspected of color-blindness, and lose his position. But some protection of this kind would greatly prolong the career of many an engineer and fireman."

## Wanted His OWn

Little Tommy Briggs, heir to a suburban estate, recently celebrated his seventh birthday, and had many presents dear to the heart of youth. Among them was an air-gun, which shoots killing darts at twenty paces.

Tommy, with an improvised helmet, sallied forth into the back-garden on the "long trail," looking for "tigers." He soon espied the next-door cat disporting himself. He decided that that would do to practice on, and he fired. The tiger, uttered an unearthly screech, as the dart struck, and, with a mighty bound, he was over the wall like a flash.

Tommy trotted round to the next door, and rang the bell. The lady appeared, and asked what her little friend wanted.

"Please may I have my dart?" said he.

"I haven't got your dart, my little man."

"No, mum," whispered Tommy, "but your cat has!"